3:Westermann E-5 (1910) 1912 F323 Shilluk F323

stones are collected by the Arabs of Kordofan about the numerous mountains there. The amount of labour required to work them into the proper shape accounts for their high value, as well as their scarcity among the Shilluks.

A Shilluk man hardly leaves his house without carrying a spear or two, and a club. They have two kinds of spears, one whose blade has the form of a laurel-leaf, another with a cylindric blade, ending in a sharp point, the surface being either smooth or barbed. The shafts are of common wood without any ornaments. The spears often have a tuft of short cowish hairs or of wool, near the butt. The cylindrical (round) spears are used not only as arms, but also in fishing. Besides the spears, they have two spears of clubs, at least one of which a man always carries with him. One is simply a thick stick about one meter long, and heavy at one end. The other is about two feet and a half long, made in one solid piece of hard, heavy wood, with a big round knob at one end.

The Shilluks are a haughty, proud people. They are much inclined to consider themselves and everything belonging to them as superior to the strangers, including the white men. "The things of the Shilluks are good, and the things of the strangers are bad", is a common saying among them. They do not in any way want the foreigners and their modes of life. This strong disinclination is not only due to their innate character, but also to the evil experiences they have had with Arabs, Turks, Abyssinians, the Darfurians etc.

The well-founded feeling of suspicion and even of contempt for white people will grow less intensive as many disappear altogether in consequence of the peaceful intercourse they now have with the representatives of the white race. In conversing with a white man they at the best treat him as their equal, but hardly ever as their superior. It requires therefore considerable tact to deal with them. Once having gained confidence they are frank, open-minded, and always ready for a joke, but they are also quickly offended.

As regards the Shilluks are brave; they make excellent soldiers in colonial troops, and are concerned as the best soldiers in the Sudan; generally they become really attached to their leaders, whether white or black.

Working for the white man is done only in times of dearth, when no food is obtainable in other ways. But in spite of this difficulty the natives have, during the last few years, had considerable results in educating the native to regular pecuniary work. — If one sees a Shilluk standing for an hour or longer almost without ever moving, except now and then scratching his head or chewing his tooth-stick, or if one meets them lying in the shade of the village place for hours together, one might believe them to be an extremely lazy people. But this would be only partly right. Indeed during the dry season they have not much work

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Immediately every dog in the district is awake and alert and the peace of the night is shattered by a cacophony of furious barking. In the mission we thump our wet pillows and call down blessings on the dogs and the hyena. Eventually quiet is restored as the hyena's howls die away in the distance. The village sleeps.

Such then, in brief, is a description of Shilluk village life, yet our understanding of these people would be very incomplete without a more detailed picture of their activities, their work and their play. To them, as to most of the inhabitants of the continent of Africa, the common saying, 'to work like a black', is scarcely applicable, for the Shilluk is no finder of work than the next man, and he is not one of those restless individuals who are never happy unless busy with hand and brain making and mending and improving. Yet there are times when he must bestir himself, for he is essentially self-supporting. From soil and river he must provide himself with what he requires for food and shelter, and beyond this bare minimum of subsistence he must strive to get something more which he can sell or exchange for a cloth for himself and his wife, for a handful of salt and a drop of oil. If his labours yield no such margin, he may have to offer his services to the mission or the trader to earn the money to procure what he cannot provide himself. The Shilluk is, and indeed has to be, a man of all trades. To get the grain for his food he must farm the land, and although his methods of husbandry may be primitive, he is expert in the traditional way of farming. In fishing he is skilled in the use of the net, harpoon, spear and fish trap, and gets the best results possible from these methods. His house is neat and strongly built, and, according to one missionary of wide experience, is among the best thatched of all African houses. To cross the Nile on his fishing expeditions he must have a boat of some kind, and from a light, cork-like wood called ambach which grows plentifully in the Detwok area he constructs a beautiful, unsinkable canoe, light enough to be carried by one man, yet able to carry three people in perfect safety. To roof his house and make fences around it he uses the

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in an ajwogo to cure her. He diagnosed her illness, which actually was pneumonia, as an evil spirit inside her, and proceeded to release it by gouging a hole in her side with a broken and rusty scissors blade. It was due only to the care that the poor girl received from the indignant nuns that she was saved at all, and fully two months after her 'operation' she had not completely recovered the use of her limbs, and was reduced to crawling round the village on her hands and knees.

Fortunately, the people are coming to realize the good that proper medical treatment can do them. They are more willing to send to the local medical dispensary for assistance and, if necessary, to allow the Medical Assistant or us at the mission to send their sick into Malakal hospital. On this account the influence of the ajwogo as a general practitioner is being weakened and it will be greatly to the benefit of the Shilluk when it is destroyed altogether.

The other disciple of Nyikang, the jal yath, is a dabbler in black magic, a worker of evil. For a fee, he will undertake to bring about the death or the illness of an enemy, or an injury to his crops or cattle. Often enough the evil effects he does cause will be brought about by the old-fashioned method of poison, but to impress his client he will have recourse to the childish practice of making an image of the intended victim and sticking nails in it to demonstrate the pains he is to suffer, or causing it to waste away, when the sufferer's body will waste in a similar manner. The jal yath is undoubtedly greatly feared by the people and plays upon their fears to achieve his end. An instance of this occurred at Detwok some years ago. We employ a number of youths at the mission as gardeners, cowherds, kitchen and table boys, etc. One of this little community, the gardener, was the proud possessor of a wooden box in which he could keep his few possessions under lock and key. Since he was the only one thus blessed, the other boys used to entrust their savings to him, each keeping his modest sum, ranging from a few piastres to a pound or so, in a tobacco tin in the wooden box. One day it was discovered that the box had been opened

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must of necessity concentrate the greater part of his efforts on the youth of the tribe through the medium of the school. Here the teaching of the 'three Rs' is combined with a solid grounding in the Catechism, and at the end of the boy's third year, if he has proved a satisfactory pupil and desires to become a Christian, he is baptized. A further year in the mission Elementary School is followed by four years Intermediate education. At the end of this period the boy may, if of sufficient ability, pass on to the Secondary School, and may ultimately attain to the highest honours of University College, Khartoum. Alternatively, when his Intermediate or Secondary course is finished, the pupil, either of his own choice, or because further promotion is denied him, may elect to seek employment, usually in one of the Government departments, or to proceed to a course of training as an Elementary or Primary School teacher.

In any case the priest is always at hand to guide, guard and instruct him. In the mission school, naturally, he lives in a Catholic community and atmosphere. If he is transferred to a Government School, he finds a Catholic chaplain in residence who will continue his religious education, say Mass for him daily, give him the Sacraments and act as his mentor and guide in general. Our hope is that, with all these measures and safeguards, the Shilluk boy, now fast approaching manhood, with eight or ten years' schooling behind him, his character strengthened and firmly set in Catholic practices, will bring a Catholic influence into his tribe, will marry a Catholic wife and found a Catholic family, and so will prove a corner-stone in the building up of Christianity in the tribe during the next generation.

This is the reason why I, in common with the majority of newly-arrived missionaries, was set to serve my apprenticeship in the school. Two days after my arrival at Detwok, I was firmly though not unkindly conducted to a classroom, confronted by two rows of husky youths and told, 'This is Class IV; go ahead and teach them.' Left to my fate, I gave the class what I fondly hoped was a friendly grin but which was probably a sickly leer, and the pupils responded with a

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unsatisfying a task as to build on sand. With no solid and permanent base on which to rest, a building after two or three rainy seasons begins to move and sink, and so the missionary ruefully surveys the ominous cracks that have already appeared in the walls of school buildings that only two years ago were his pride and joy. Windows and doors have warped and white ants have already wrought havoc in the woodwork. All the mud buildings need to be replastered without and limewashed within and the thatched roofs of many of them must be renewed. The Sisters' convent is in a bad way, although they, good souls, never complain; however, if something is not done about the back wall this year, it may be that they will be past complaining. And the church, too; but that is really beyond repair. It should be pulled down and rebuilt, but when and how, and who is expert enough to do it, and what he is going to use for money to pay for it, the missionary has not the slightest idea. In the meantime he hopes devoutly that the pictures on the walls will continue to hold the cracks together for another year or two.

The immediate task, however, is brickmaking. He must try to get a hundred thousand bricks made this year so that he will be able to satisfy his present requirements and leave a margin for further operations next year. Well, one thing about the Upper Nile is that it provides him with plenty of material for making bricks, namely, mud. Still, the stuff has to be dug and puddled and moulded into the right shape and size and then built into a kiln and fired. So the word goes forth among the Shilluk that there is a job of work to be done up at the mission and that applications for appointments as soil diggers, water carriers, sand carriers, mud puddlers and brickmakers and, later on, as kiln builders, furnace tenders, brick carriers, pole fetchers, roof makers, grass carriers and thatchers, will be given every consideration. The invitations, I say, go out, but the Shilluk as a rule is in no hurry to come in. And if his crop of grain has been good, he probably won't respond at all. What does that crazy white man up at the mission think that he, the Shilluk, is?